

# NEW-ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST.

A JOURNAL OF THE METHODS AND PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT-MANIFESTATION, AND ITS USES TO MANKIND.

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"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT STILL!"—GOETHE.

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## Phenomenal & Philosophical.

[Translated for the New England Spiritualist.]

### THE ANGELS.

NO. II.

THEOLOGIAN.

What! Carry skepticism so far as to doubt the existence of absolute spirits! Why, the entire universe is full of them! They are incessantly in motion, and it was not without reason that I compared them to the atoms of the air, since, so to express it, they form one unbroken throng. This throng is diffused throughout such space as you deem vacant, but which is so only so far as our senses are concerned. An ancient declares energetically, that there is not in the universe even a chasm in which we can slip a finger, without encountering a spirit; so abundantly is the invisible people which constitute the most beautiful ornament of creation, every where diffused, even in those places which you imagine mere wastes, because you do not there perceive the gross bodies of your sons and planets.

And you demand that I prove the existence of pure spirits! This proof is of elementary simplicity, and is found in all treatises on theology. It is comprised in the principle which you just advanced. You concede that there should exist in the order of creation, beings more and more similar to God; so much rather should it be admitted that the principal end of Deity in the things which he creates is the good which results from the assimilation of those things to himself. Now the perfect assimilation of the effect to the cause is evidently obtained, when the effect resembles the cause in the very quality by which the cause produces it. But then God produces creatures by his intelligence and his will; then the perfection of the universe requires that there should be creatures in which shall exist intelligence and will; and these qualities being purely spiritual, the creatures in question should be so likewise. One can even say, in following an argument much more simple, that God's nature being purely spiritual, it follows for the similitude, that there would be below him beings purely spiritual also. Thus you see at the first step we reach the end.

PHILOSOPHER.

Your argument is but specious; and it is by rank abuse that your catechetical theologians have acquired the habit of using it as so decisive a weapon before the eyes of their disciples. The Angelic Doctor in taking it as the point of departure for his dissertation, has no less committed the fault of considering it conclusive. In fact it does not suffice to demonstrate that spiritual creatures exist, if it be not demonstrated at the same time, that these creatures, to be in rapport with each other and the material world, have no need of a covering analogous to what we call the body, and which we, who also unhesitatingly recognize ourselves as spiritual existences, know so well that we are incapable of doing without. The proof that your great doctor (Dionysius) was not insensible of this fact, is that immediately following the article you have quoted, he puts the question to know whether the angels have a body to which they are naturally conjoined. There is the important point. All angelic psychology is in some manner involved. If the angels, however spiritual they may be, are naturally allied to bodies, they re-enter simply into the general condition of men. If, on the contrary, the corporeal organization is entirely foreign to them, they constitute in the order of creation a genus absolutely distinct in all respects. "The human soul requires to be united to a body," says 'La Somme,' "because in the order of intellectual substances it is imperfect, and exists only as a power, not having the fullness of knowledge in its nature, but drawing it from sensible objects by means of the bodily senses. But in every class where we find something imperfect, we may look above it for something perfect in the same class. Therefore there are in intellectual nature certain substances perfectly intellectual, having no need to acquire knowledge through sensible objects. Moreover, not all intellectual substances are allied to bodies; but some exist independently thereof, and these we call angels."

I have ventured to remind you of this important passage, which shows so well that the question of the nature of angels is fundamentally the same as that of the origin of ideas; it is the essential basis of the opinion which you maintain. But without entering into the vortex of problems involved,—do you not acknowledge that I am justified in availing myself of the general principle upon which it proceeds—"that in every class where we find something imperfect, we may look above it for something perfect of the same class? The rule will, in fact, work both ways; and I say in my turn, that if among corporeal organizations, there is, as is apparent in ourselves, something imperfect, there should exist, higher in the same class, perfect corporeal organizations. And I add that this body, so far from detracting from the resemblance between spiritual substances and God, completes, on the contrary, this likeness; for it constitutes the image of that relationship which the universe holds to God.

In saying that the fullness of knowledge in superior beings is dependent upon their connection with a body, I am in nowise reduced to impute to them a material organization as imperfect as our own. I accept fully in reference to this matter the word of 'La Sagesse,' so dear to the ascetics: "The body weighs down upon the soul; and inhabiting the body depresses the mind, which is dissipated in a multitude of thoughts." I willingly concede that the body, given up to the instincts of animality which incessantly torment us, reduced to a

small number of narrow and uncertain senses, feeble, infirm, untractable, troublesome, weighs down the soul, and prevents its living in the high regions as freely as its spiritual nature would predispose it. Yes; the habitation of the earth, subject to innumerable trammels, disappointments, labors, lowest occupations, prevents the spirit from concentrating itself upon eternal ideas. But what conclusion am I to draw? It is that under the same conditions of alliance between the substance of the soul and matter, under the same conditions of residence in a determinate quarter of the sidereal world, there necessarily exist somewhere intellectual beings better endowed than ourselves, and enjoying senses more perfect than our own;—and it is these intellectual substances which I call the angels.

Furthermore, the defect in the reasoning of the scholastics is exposed, if I mistake not, by the argument which has just served me. It consists in the assumption that the human soul represents an imperfect being in the class of purely intellectual substances; whereas, evidently it is so only in the class of intellectual corporeal substances. I cannot therefore agree with you with respect to the existence of superior beings purely spiritual, until you show me an imperfect being of that class. Meanwhile you will permit me, for I have logic on my side, to hold to my definition of the angelic nature, which is deduced from the development of human nature as it is known to be.

Do you consider that the creation, thus bound by the laws of matter, presents no longer for our admiration types sufficiently sublime? But I would remind you of what I have already intimated touching the magnificence which we have a right to conjecture in the corporeal beings that hover above us in the unknown spheres of the universe. Nothing of that which is repugnant to you here below, and makes you accuse our apparel of grossness, of weight, of resistance, of hostility to the soul, is found there. All these taints of animality, which are the cause of our passions and vices, and which you attribute so gratuitously to the impurities of the flesh, have disappeared. All the forces which concur to the establishment and support of the organs are at the disposition of the spirit, and obey it completely. Thanks to the power, complexity, and delicateness of the wondrous maze of endowments over which he reigns supreme, the being influences at will its neighbors, changes its place at pleasure, takes cognizance of the sensible phenomena which interest it,—in a word observes, operates and converses freely throughout the expanse of its celestial country, and, never wearying, passes from the activity which is its life, to the ecstacy of recognition and love which is its repose. Can you seriously withhold your admiration from a plan so marvellous? If not, why contest the universality of its operation, and thus destroy rather than admit the sublime unity of the population of the universe?

And upon the whole, whether you will or not, in order not to confound these pure essences with God, you are not the less reduced to give them bodies; for however spiritual you make them, you must still conceive them in a special place, otherwise they vanish as creatures, and are resolved into the Divine Mind.—Now I demand, what is this portion of space in which your angels are found; which is their exclusive possession; since you declare that two of them cannot be at the same time in the same place; which, in a word, is their personal property—what is it, if not an actual body, how much soever you may sublimate it in the endeavor to place it beyond the pale of natural laws? The fundamental principle of corporeity consists in attributing to a determinate being a determinate portion of space, and not in the manner of enjoying that space, which is evidently but secondary. "Following what rule we will," says 'La Somme,' "by giving the angelic nature locality, you make it exist in corporeal space."

Exactly the same thing applies to the relation between the human soul and the corporeal space it occupies; accordingly your theorist does not neglect to pursue the analogy still further. "The soul," he adds, "is in the body as containing it, and not as being contained; and similarly, the angel is said to be in corporeal space, not as being contained, but as containing it in some manner."

There is, then, this in common—that the angel possesses and contains, the same as man, a determinate place; with this difference—that man, in his possession, far from confining himself to simple occupation, produces at will in the bosom of his domain, the movements which serve him, is informed of the changes which are passing therein,—in short, reigns there supreme; whereas the angel, on the contrary, instead of ruling in his own, exists therein without activity, and with no power except to exclude every other creature from the same,—in a word, occupying its place only in a negative manner, enjoying in fact, mere impenetrability, like brute matter. Of these two modes of possessing space, which to your mind should be considered superior?

I hold it impossible to conceive of purely spiritual beings, because it is not possible to conceive of a real creature out of the conditions of extension. Moreover, whether the middle age realized the fact or not, its reputed spirits were naught but embodiments of its reputed heaven.

Contemplate these imaginary beings connected with empty space and an indefinite form, strangers to all physical phenomena, alike unfit for sensation or action, in all points similar to the abstract figures we conceive in mathematics; and ask yourself if the celestial population, such as the scholastics painted, was not in perfect keeping with the superior regions, such as astronomy then supposed them to be. To me the resemblance seems perfect. The material universe was supposed to occupy but a little corner of immensity; and where the

physical qualities of creation vanished, the physical qualities of its inhabitants likewise disappeared. In restoring to the universe its fullness, modern science seems to me to have done implicit justice to this chimera of incorporeal spirits. They are no longer possible, for there is no longer any portion of space for them.

But since ether vibrates round all and through all, it should follow that, every where, creatures have been ordained susceptible to these magnificent undulations, and that they are thus bound together in the unity of sensible nature no less than in that of intellectual and moral nature.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

### DEMONIACAL POSSESSION 200 YEARS AGO.

GENTLEMEN EDITORS: I communicate to you the following extract from *Town and Country Magazine*, Vol. X, London, 1778, p. 119, for any use you may choose to make of it. The cause of the Spiritualists scarcely requires any more proofs, but the statement therein, coming from a man of so high standing in society, and being so unique in all respects, ought to be, I think, recorded anew in the annals of Spiritualism.

A GENUINE COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE DUKE OF LAUDERDALE IN THE YEAR 1657.

Sir,—It is sad that the Sadducean, or rather atheistical denying of spirits and their apparitions and possession of persons, should so far prevail, as I find it does at present. But why should we wonder at it in such an age of infidelity as this, since those who will not believe Moses and the prophets we know will not be convinced though one should rise from the dead? But for me may Heaven ever defend me from such hardness of heart; and indeed I account it no small mercy to me that I have had signal proof, and even ocular demonstration, of the truth of a real and certain possession of spirits, which I propose a relation of as the business of this letter.

There was some years since in the town of Dunce in the Mers, a poor and ignorant woman who was generally believed to be possessed by an evil spirit. I myself often saw her, and never doubted it; and I well remember that the minister of the place, a learned, ingenious and godly man, made no scruple of affirming the same to all persons, and himself often visited her, and readily attended strangers who were desirous of the same satisfaction. This poor creature even went so far as to apply to the king's privy council, to whom he also brought the written attestations of twenty neighboring ministers to the truth of the fact, for a warrant to keep days of humiliation for her. The power of certain bishops, however, hindering at that time any such fasts to be kept, prevented this godly intention.

These persons, moreover, were not to be made to believe that this was a real possession. I wonder not, indeed, at these gentlemen's disbelief of possessions in general, if they have seen what I myself have of the baseness and roguery of the Church of Rome in the tricks of this sort, in order to make a merit or miracle in dispossessing, but think they might have given a fuller credit to this, where there were the attestations of so many godly persons to the truth of a fact, and no intent of a sham disposssession or any other deceit.

As to the pretended French miracles of this sort, I was myself, I remember, at London at the time when there were a thousand strange stories reported, and books written, about the possessions of the London nuns; and being desirous to be an eye-witness of the truth, I went to see them, not doubting that it was possible for the devil to possess a nun as well as any other person. But alas! I was strangely disappointed, for this was no other than a trick, nor did I see anything there but a company of wanton wretches pretending to be possessed, singing many bawdy songs in French, and playing a thousand odd, indecent tricks, in which, however, though they had been well taught, they were nothing to compare to our tumblers and rope-dancers; and one of them with the letters I. H. S. and Maria Joseph in her hand, which, they told us, were written by miracles, but which I am confident was done only by *aquafortis*. I was quite tired with this foolery, and spoke my mind about it pretty freely in the hearing of a certain Jesuit, who still, however, affirming that these were actual possessions, I desired leave to speak to them in a different language, and was promised by the holy father that I should be answered in the same. But when I told him I should speak in a language that neither he nor any there would understand, he told me gravely that perhaps these devils had not travelled. On this I left the place with a proper contempt, and heard afterward in the town that the whole was in reality a cheat, and the main intent of it was to prove witchcraft upon an innocent person, the curate of the place, whose name was Cupit, who had been converted from their religion, and whom they at last burnt for a wizard.

Not long after this, being determined to know the truth or falsehood of another famous story of this kind, I went to Antwerp to see a number of possessed persons, as they were called, exorcised, but in truth all I saw there was a number of gross Dutch wenches suffer exorcism patiently and belch most roaringly, so that if they were possessed by devils they seemed to be very windy devils, but to me they appeared only possessed with a large morning's draught of new beer. Some few of them did indeed make much squeaking and resistance before they would adore the host held up to them by the priest; but all I wondered at was the monstrous blasphemy in the exorciser in saying to the pretended devil, "*Prostratem adorabis creatorem tuum, quem digitis tenes.*" "Thou shalt prostrate adore thy Creator, which I now hold in my hand."

If these bishops, I say, had seen these pretended pos-

sessions, I cannot wonder at their not readily believing a real one; but had they been eye-witnesses, as I myself was, of what (to return to my story from this long digression) I am going to relate to you, I am very sure they would no longer have doubted the certainty of it.

The report, in short, of the strange things our Scotch woman uttered being now spread over all the country, among a number of neighboring gentlemen, my old friend, Sir James Forbes, who lives in the North of Scotland, being accidentally then at Edinburgh, and meeting there with a minister of a neighboring place, entreated him to go with him to see her, and brought him with that intent to my father's house, which was within ten miles of the place where she lived, where I made one of the party, and the next day we went together to her.

We found her, as the poorer sort thereabout generally are, a poor ignorant creature, who had never been taught so much as to read, and spent some time in conversation together without seeing anything of what we expected, for the woman showed no signs of anything extraordinary. The minister on this, almost out of patience, says to the knight in Latin, *Nondum audivimus spiritum loquentem*, "We have not yet heard the spirit speaking." And on this, immediately there issued out of the woman's mouth a voice in these words, *Audis loquentem, audis loquentem*, "Thou now hearest him speaking, thou now hearest him speaking." This from a poor creature who, they were sensible, knew no tongue but her own, nor, in truth, the half of that, put the minister into such an amazement, that I think it made him not mind his Latin, for he immediately took off his hat, and lifting his eyes up to heaven, cried out, "*Miseretur Deus peccatoris*," "The Lord have mercy on the sinner." On which the spirit, to show his skill in the language, immediately answered, "*Die peccatriceis, die peccatriceis*," "Say on this female sinner, say on this female sinner." The spirit here corrects the minister's false Latin. On this we were all perfectly satisfied of the truth of this report, and the reality of the possession, and this the more, because neither then, nor at any other time after, was there any attempt to dispossess her, and we all returned with great amazement to my father's house at Thirstaine castle.

I am sir, your faithful friend and servant,

LAUDERDALE.

### A WONDERFUL MAGICIAN.

A Paris correspondent thus recounts the astonishing feats of a new hero in the world of magic:—"The wonders of Signor Ragazzoni, whose approaching departure for London fills us with dismay, have been exhibited for the last time at the Tuileries. This wondrous magnetizer, called the 'man demon' in Italy, has produced more surprising effects in magnetism than have ever been witnessed before. The experiment of striking senseless was repeated the other night at St. Cloud, and filled the beholders with amazement. Signor Ragazzoni placed himself at one end of the long gallery of the palace, upon receiving the indication, in writing, of the person chosen from among the company to serve as an example of his power, outstretched his hand toward the victim, who instantly fell, struck as with the lightning's blast, stiff and senseless on the floor. So long as Ragazzoni so willed it, did the patient remain thus stretched out before him, to all appearance dead—for it seems that this magnetizer is the first whose power has been strong enough to stop the pulsation of the heart. Another gesture, and the patient rises—wondering what has happened, and why he is lying thus irreverently before imperial greatness on the ground. After the exhibition of these and other curious experiments, an Italian singer, just arrived from Florence, was introduced, under the auspices of the Princess Matilde, and sang with great *ecclat* the *andante* of Vaccai's *bravura*, 'Le Romeo.' The allegro followed, and the cantatrice was rushing from top to bottom of the clavier, sending out rockets and blazes of harmony, to the great delight and admiration of the company, when the Emperor, who was seated at the further end of the room, made a sign to Ragazzoni, who was standing at a distance behind the singer; the 'man demon' stretched forth his hand towards her, when suddenly, as if some infernal power had seized her in its grasp, the singer paused, with staring mouth and eyes wide open—the note, unfinished, died away; and, after two or three gulping efforts, she gazed around terrified—then, falling forward on the piano, burst into tears. The audience, believing the effect to be produced by timidity, applauded, to the utmost, encouraging her by every means in their power; but to all the kind inquiries of the ladies, she could return no answer.—Her voice was paralyzed, and all she could do was to point to her throat with a piteous expression of countenance, and shake her head in despair. At another sign from the Emperor, who had been much amused at the scene, Ragazzoni stretched forth his hand once more, and then the spell was unloosed—the poor cantatrice could thank, with all the volubility of her country, the courtly audience for the interest they had expressed, and give way to the pent-up words which came rushing in a torrent to her lips; but the emotion had been too violent; nothing could induce her to resume her cavatina, and the concluding notes of 'La tremenda necisse spada' remain yet to be sung before we can judge of the power of her contralto notes by the famous phrase of that air, which has been the stumbling-block of so many singers, and made the fortune of Giuditta Grisi."

On evergreen banks, and amid beautiful scenery, we may not inhabit, and we cannot; but we all may do better, by each one of us opening in his soul a well of living water, springing up for us into more than mortal life.

### THE SPIRITS AND THE EASTERN ARGUS.

Mr. S. B. Brittan, in a letter dated at Portland, communicates the following valuable test fact to the *Spiritual Telegraph*—

I am indebted to Mr. M. A. Blanchard, of this city, for an interesting spiritual fact which I will here record. Late on Friday evening last (Aug. 1st), Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. B.'s mother, and a lady visitor—a medium for spirit manifestations—were quietly seated round a common centre-table, at the residence of Mr. B., when the table began to move—with and without contact—in answer to questions. Our friend inquired how many spirits were present in the room? and the answer was, "five," being one more than there were persons present in the flesh. The colloquy continued: "Are you all special friends or relatives of the persons in this circle?" "No." "Are you [the spirit in communication] an entire stranger to all present?" "Yes." "Will you give your name?" "Yes." These answers were all given by movements of the table when no member of the circle was touching it. Mr. Blanchard then procured writing materials, and the spirit through the medium soon wrote his name—"FRANCIS DOUGLAS." No member of the company had ever been acquainted with a person answering to that name. Mr. B. asked the spirit how they were to identify him, and the spirit answered the question in the following words, which were distinctly written by the hand of the medium: "I was publisher and proprietor of the *Eastern Argus* in 1820. I died in that year." On inquiry being made as to the mode of testing the correctness of these statements, it was written—in the manner already described—"Ask Eben Steel." Mr. Blanchard observed that perhaps he might not recollect with certainty, never having been himself connected with the *Argus* nor with the Newspaper Press. Following this suggestion, the spirit immediately wrote, "Ask Charles Holden." Further interrogatories were interrupted by a refusal on the part of the spirit to write more at that time. The invisible intelligences thus terminated the interview by saying, in substance, that what had been communicated was intended as a test, and that when they had ascertained the correctness of the preceding statements, the spirit would have more to say.

The next morning after the occurrence of the interview already described, Mr. Blanchard met Mr. Holden in the street, and inquired who was the publisher and proprietor of the *Eastern Argus* in 1820; to which the latter replied that there were two; and desired to know which one Mr. B. had in mind. Our friend thereupon signified that it made no difference; that he would like to obtain any reliable information respecting either. Mr. Holden said, "Francis Douglas was publisher and proprietor of that paper in the early part of 1820, but he died by accident during that year." Mr. Blanchard inquired how he could answer so promptly and with so much precision respecting events which transpired so many years ago. Mr. Holden remarked that perhaps there was not another man in Portland who could have answered the question with equal certainty; many, he presumed, might be aware of the fact that Mr. Douglas was proprietor of the paper, and that he died about that time. "But," said he, "I have certain data to which I can recur; I entered that office as an apprentice in 1819, and I know that Mr. Douglas died the next year, for I lived in his family at the time."

It may be proper to add in this connection, that Mr. Holden was associated with the *Eastern Argus* for many years, in the several capacities of apprentice to the printing business, journeyman compositor, publisher and editor, and that he dissolved his connection with that journal, in the latter capacity, only about two years since. It is also worthy of remark that Mr. Steel, to whom the spirit at first referred, was subsequently consulted by Mr. Blanchard. His recollection was not so clear, but he confirmed the most essential features of the spirit's statement, and said that Mr. Douglas died suddenly, about the time mentioned in the communication, in consequence of an accidental injury, received while on an excursion among the islands in Casco Bay.

Now, if Francis Douglas did not visit Mr. Blanchard's house on the evening of the first instant, and there make the communications herein recorded, pray who was the unseen visitor, or to what power in heaven or on earth shall we ascribe the facts?

### WITCHCRAFT.

Enactments like the following were not deemed ridiculous, even in the mouths of the legislature, in the reigns of Philip and Mary, and James I:—

"All persons who shall practise invocation or conjuration of wicked spirits, any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall happen to be killed or destroyed, shall, with their aiders and abettors, be accounted felons, without benefit of clergy; and all persons practising any witchcraft, &c., whereby any person shall happen to be wasted, consumed, or lamed in his or her body or members, or whereby any goods or chattels shall be destroyed, wasted or impaired, shall, with their counsellors and aiders, suffer for the first offence one year's imprisonment and the pillory, and for the second the punishment of felony without clergy."

The like penalties are annexed to declaring by sorcery where any hidden or stolen treasure or goods may be found.

Again, "if any person shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or wicked spirit, or take up any dead man, woman, or child out of his, her, or their grave; or the skin, bone, or any other part of any dead person, to be employed in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment," &c., he shall suffer death as a felon, without benefit of clergy.

LIGHT NOW.—A little boy, blind from birth, aged but four years, died. About an hour before the little sufferer departed, he exclaimed: "*Pa! I see day now; sickness is all gone, day is come.*" His father inferred from the incident that he was better, and would probably recover. But an hour passed, and he was with the angels.



## Interesting Miscellany.

For the New-England Spiritualist.

## TRUST IN GOD.

Trust in God! immortal lesson!  
Oh that man's power had known!  
On our lips a ceaseless burden,  
In our lives a stumbling stone,  
Blindly following our blind guides,  
We have missed our beacon light,  
Who on the loftiest billow rides,  
Thinks he alone is in the right.

"Life's a phantom, fleeting, cheating,"  
Say they:—"an unconscious dream;  
And a burning lake is heating  
At the junction of its stream.  
A mysterious Fate hath made thee  
Heir of heaven or of hell;  
As thy Father loves or hates thee,  
So thy heritage shall tell.

"From thy future he doth guard thee  
By impenetrable walls,  
Yet commands thee to be ready,  
To go on, when'er he calls.  
Ready with thy loins all girded,  
And thy lamp all burning bright;  
Yet provides thee not a guide,  
Or withal to make a light!"

List a spirit's voice: "From slumber  
Bid immortal Reason soar;  
'Tis thy master key—the number  
Which unlocks heaven's magic door.  
Purge thy soul of superstition,  
Let the light of heaven shine in;  
And thou'lt need not a physician,  
Nor a priest to absolve thy sin.

"Lacks He wisdom whose creations,  
Worlds on worlds, unceasing roll?  
Are his words but vain relations,  
When they move thine inmost soul?  
'Tis the germ of God within us,  
Inspiration's fount doth stir;  
He will quench the thirst he brings us;  
God's his own interpreter.

"What though clouds obscure thy morning,  
Clouds can never stay the sun;  
Onward press! another dawning  
May behold the vict'ry won.  
These are all thy childhood's lessons,  
And in kindness to thee given;  
All thy seeming woes are blessings,  
Earth-disguised, but drops from heaven.

"God, thy Father, knows thy weakness,  
And he loves thee not alone;  
Angel friends on wings of fleetness,  
Guard thy footsteps every one.  
Life's a school; in its seclusion  
We prepare for higher states;  
Death unbars the institution  
Which receives its graduates.

"Then as up the spiral pathway  
Thou attain'st each new degree,  
Tells thy heart engraven passport,  
If learned well thy A B C.  
Trust in God, freely and fully,  
Be thy sunshine dim or clear;  
All is right! none trust Him wholly,  
Who encourage doubt or fear!"

## A CHILD'S DEPARTURE.

BY W. A. FOGG.

On a lowly couch in a quiet room,  
Which was filled with the summer's rich perfume,  
Lay a child, whose wasted form, though fair,  
Told plainly that slow disease was there.  
Held motionless, as if he were dead,  
Watching the shades as they came and went  
Over his countenance; but while  
She watched, there came a placid smile,  
And, opening his eyes, he gazed around  
The darkened room, where not a sound  
His awful, gloomy stillness broke,  
Till thus the little sufferer spoke:

"Oh, mother! see those beautiful forms  
That by my bedside stand,  
And gently and peacefully smile on me,  
And clasp my cold, cold hand;  
And, mother, see those crystal walls,  
And those pearly garlands unfold,  
And the pretty beings treading there  
O'er streets of the purest gold.  
See, sister Fannie is with them there,  
Though a year ago she died—  
Oh! little Charlie is with them too,  
Whom we laid to rest by her side.  
And they each have a little harp that shines  
As bright as the summer's sun—  
See! now they are gazing sweetly on me,  
Now towards my couch they come;  
Now all are striking their beautiful harps,  
And singing a joyful strain,  
Which is caught by those in the golden streets,  
And echoed back again;  
And Fannie and Charlie and all have wings  
As white as the driven snow,  
And they're calling me away, away—  
My mother dear—I go."

A start, a smile, and a half-drawn breath,  
And the young child lay in arms of death.

## ZSCHOKKE'S INTUITIVE POWER.

Zschokke, the German writer and teacher, is a peculiarly honorable and unimpeachable witness. What he affirms as of his own knowledge, we have no right to disbelieve. Many of us have read the marvellous account given by him of his sudden discovery, that he possessed the power in regard to a few people—by no means in regard to all—of knowing, when he came near to them, not only their present thoughts, but much of what was in their memories. The details will be found in his Autobiography, which being translated, has become a common book among us. When for the first time, while conversing with some person, he acquired a sense of power over the secrets of that person's past life, he gave, of course, little heed to his sensation. Afterward, as from time to time the sense recurred, he tested the accuracy of his impressions, and was alarmed to find that, at certain times, and in regard to certain persons, the mysterious knowledge was undoubtedly acquired. Once when a young man at the table with him was dismissing very flippantly all manner of unexplained phenomena as the gross food of ignorance and credulity, Zschokke requested to know what he would say if he, a stranger, by aid of an unexplained power, should be able to tell him secrets out of his past life. Zschokke was defied to do that; but he did it. Among other things he described a certain upper room, in which there was a certain strong box, and from which certain moneys, the property of his master, had been abstracted by that young man; who, overwhelmed with astonishment, confessed the theft.—*Graham's Magazine.*

HEAVEN IS HERE.—It is possible that the distance of heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh, which we now want power to penetrate. A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side.—*Channing.*

## FOOTPRINTS OF ANGELS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was Sunday morning; and the church bells were all ringing together. From the neighboring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and faint and low, all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself, seemed to pray; so silent was it every where.

Two venerable old men—high priests and patriarchs were they in the land—went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation; for the pulpit stairs were in front, and very high.

Paul Flemming will never forget the sermon he heard that day,—no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was meant to console the pious, poor widow, who sat right below him at the pulpit stairs, all in black, and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the terrors of death, nor of the gloom of the narrow house; but, looking beyond these things, as mere circumstances to which the imagination mainly gives importance, he told his hearers of the innocence of childhood upon earth, and the holiness of childhood in heaven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was once a little child, and now in heaven the spirits of little children walked with him, and gathered flowers in the fields of Paradise. Good old man! In behalf of humanity, I thank thee for these benignant words! And still more than I, the bereaved mother thanked thee.

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked forth alone into the churchyard. There was no one there, save a little boy, who was fishing with a pin-hook in a grave half full of water. But a few moments afterward, through the arched gateway under the belfry, came a funeral procession. At its head walked a priest in white surplice, chanting. Peasants, old and young, followed him, with burning tapers in their hands. A young girl carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in its little winding-sheet. The grave was close under the wall, by the church door. A vase of holy water stood beside it. The sexton took the child from the girl's arms, and put it into a coffin; and, as he placed it in the grave, the girl held over it a cross wreathed with roses, and the priest and peasants sang a funeral hymn. When this was over, the priest sprinkled the grave and the crowd with holy water; and then they all went into the church, each one stopping, as he passed the grave, to throw a handful of earth into it, and sprinkle it with the hallow.

A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton treading, with his clouted shoes, the fresh earth into the grave of the little child. He approached him, and asked the age of the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his spade, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied,

"Only an hour or two. It was born in the night, and died this morning early."

"A brief existence," said Flemming. "The child seems to have been born only to be buried and have its name recorded on a wooden tomb-stone."

The sexton went on with his work, and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome. In the temple of Juno at Alis, Sleep and his twin brother, Death, were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent death. And these men were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold! Strange, that in later days this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the "land of the great departed, into the silent land," should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse; such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass; the Reaper, whose name is Death!

One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle Ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages is it written,—the apparition of the grim spectre, putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the "remarkable retirement" of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch inverted.

And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak, weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And O, how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and unrequited love, were in those tears through which he read, on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription:

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said:

"I will be strong!"

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they were on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him, as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us; but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfillment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable sweet feeling rose within him.

"Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he, "and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than this. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is Life."

"Life that shall send  
A challenge to its end,  
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!"

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began."

A SWEET VOICE.—A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman; I do not think I can describe it. It can be and sometimes is cultivated. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but is often the gift of the gentle and unobtrusive. Loudness or rapidity is incompatible with it. It is low but not guttural, deliberate but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops from a fountain. It is like the cooing of a dove, not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with that subdued and touching readiness, which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman—I should be won by it more than beauty—more even than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feeling and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom, till their sacredness almost hushes utterance.—*Willis.*

## MEDIUMS IN FORMER TIMES.

Hallerau, of Vienna, was constantly accompanied by his familiar genius; he saw him and conversed with him. When he had reached his sixtieth year, it seemed that his genius wished to quit him. There were afterward only certain days in the month, when he had the good fortune to see him.

I knew at Gersbach, near Durlach, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, a curate, who was put in duance because he had likewise a familiar spirit. There is at Mannheim, a man who always thinks himself accompanied by several spirits. Sometimes they walk by the side of him in visible forms; at other times, they accompany him only under ground. Pintel speaks of a very dangerous man, who was calm only during the day; but who, during the night, believed himself always surrounded by ghosts and phantoms; who conversed in turn with good and evil angels, and who, according to the character of his visions, was benevolent or dangerous, inclined to acts of kindness or to acts of barbarous cruelty.

History, both ancient and modern, furnishes a great number of examples of the same kind.—*Dr. Gall.*

## ROMANCE IN INDIAN LIFE.

A private soldier, writing from Fort Laramie, mentions the following incidents of the massacre of Lieut. Grattan:

"I will give you two facts connected with the massacre. A musician—one of the party—owned or married a squaw, and on that unfortunate day, when she saw danger threatening the troops, she rallied her father and brother to preserve her lover. When he fell wounded, she rushed to him to protect him from the arrows, or perish with him. Her father shot several arrows at the other Indians, and was wounded himself in the zealous defence of the soldiers. Then he sat down and wept, as he could do no more. The hostile Indians then rushed on the wounded soldier, tore him from the embrace of his faithful squaw, and scalped him before her eyes. After this she could not be prevailed upon to eat or drink, and starved to death, dying in nine days, and glad to go to regain the presence of the spirit of one she loved so dearly."

Nothing can be great which is not right.

It is only the calm waters that reflect Heaven in their breast.

Unhappy he who isolates himself, and refuses to enter into those relations of intercourse with others which assure to him a superior life. He deprives himself voluntarily of the nutritive sap intended to give him vigor, and, like a branch torn from the vine, dries up and perishes in his egoism.—*Arnold Guyot.*

When darkness sweeps across thy spirit's sky, look up, for the stars are the angels' alphabet, who write in lines of love many gentle thoughts for thee, and thou wilt behold the star-gemmed words of consolation—the solar thoughts of Deity. In the smiles of heaven the burdened heart forgets its load of care, while its angel face gazes on the visions of a brighter world. Change may tear the trembling soul from all it loves; but clothed in robes of affection, one gentle touch by the certain hand of change will set the spirit free; and those whom you call, mistakenly, the dead,—in an angel voice, soft as the hymning of a seraph orchestra, whisper to thee, "We meet in heaven."

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This paper has for its leading object the presentation before the community of the evidences, both ancient and modern, which go to establish the following propositions:

- I. That man has an organized spiritual nature, to which the physical body is but an outer garment.
- II. That he has a conscious individualized existence after the death of the physical body.
- III. That the disembodied can and do communicate sensibly with those still in the flesh.
- IV. That incalculable good may be derived from such communion, wisely used.

These propositions embrace what is popularly denominated *Modern Spiritualism*, and the questions involved in, and growing out of, them, are becoming the questions of the AGE—than which none more interesting or important were ever raised among men.

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